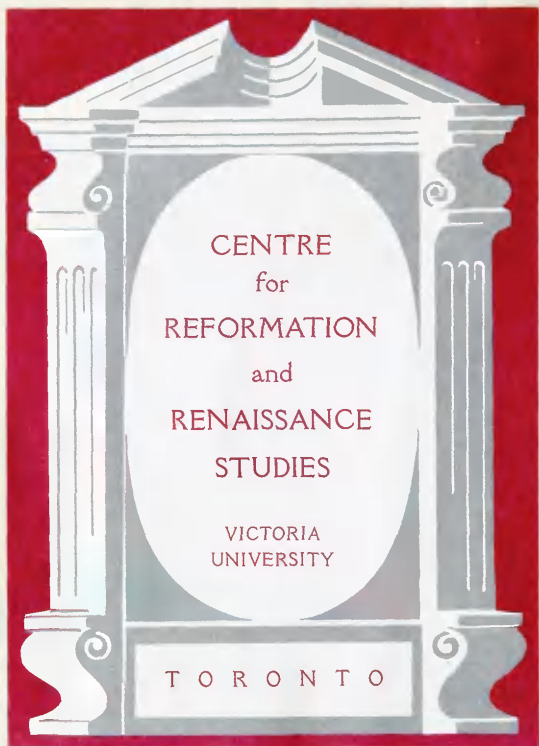


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The Tudor Reprinted and Parallel Texts

**Impatient Poverty**

1560





The Tudor Reprinted and Parallel Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

**Impatient Poverty**

1560

*Privately Printed for Subscribers*

MCMIX

PR

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1909

REF. & REIN.

3272

PRINTED BY  
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,  
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

## Impatient Poverty

*Until recently this play was known by mention only. A copy, however, turned up in the notable Irish "find" sold at Sotheby's in July, 1906. It was then bought for the nation for £150, and is now in the British Museum (Press-mark, C. 34, i. 26).*

*"Impatient Poverty" is in black-letter, the leaf-measurement being  $7\frac{1}{4}$  inches by 5 inches, 18 leaves. The margins in some places are badly shaved: lacunæ are supplied in this reprint between brackets—" [ ]." On some leaves the names of the speakers are a little lower and on some a little higher than the commencing line of a speech: no notice has here been taken of these "faults" (but see "OBVIOUS ERRORS" at end of play).*

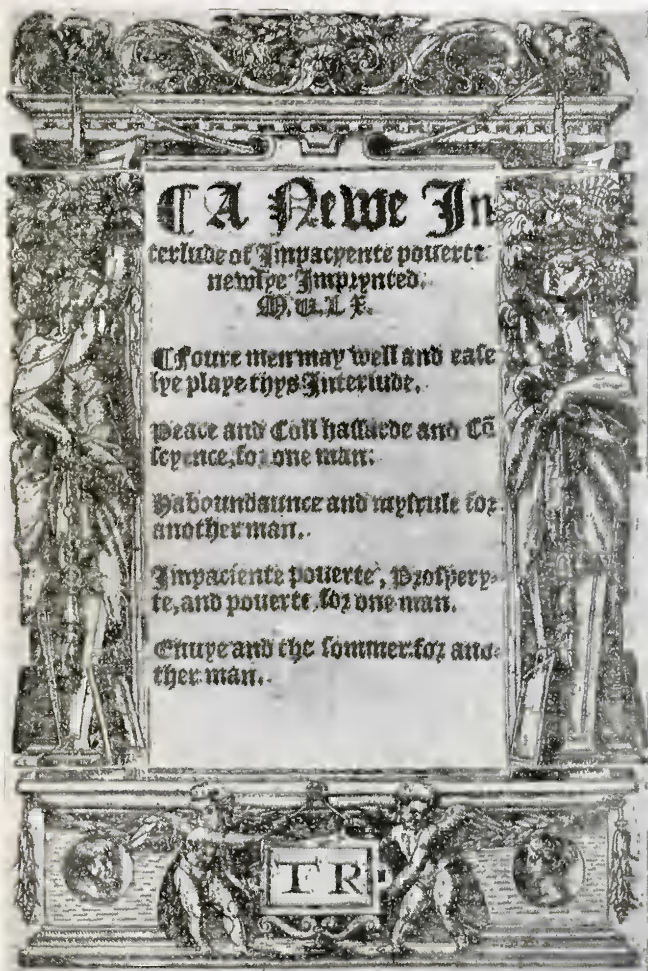
*The black-letter of the original has been replaced by a modern roman fount; and as in the original the stage directions show no change of type, the same rule has now been followed.*

*My choice of good, clear modern type for the old black-letter will, I hope, be justified and approved by subscribers and readers. It is generally held, I believe, that the modern imitation of black-letter is merely a nuisance for practical purposes of study, however nice it may look on a drawing-room table. It takes much longer to read than ordinary modern type, and fills more space (an important consideration for a student with limited shelf-room), and commands not a jot more confidence as to its accuracy. In fact, it is "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." For those whose needs and tastes run in the other direction, there are, if originals are not available, the first series, now nearly complete, of fifty volumes of THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS.*

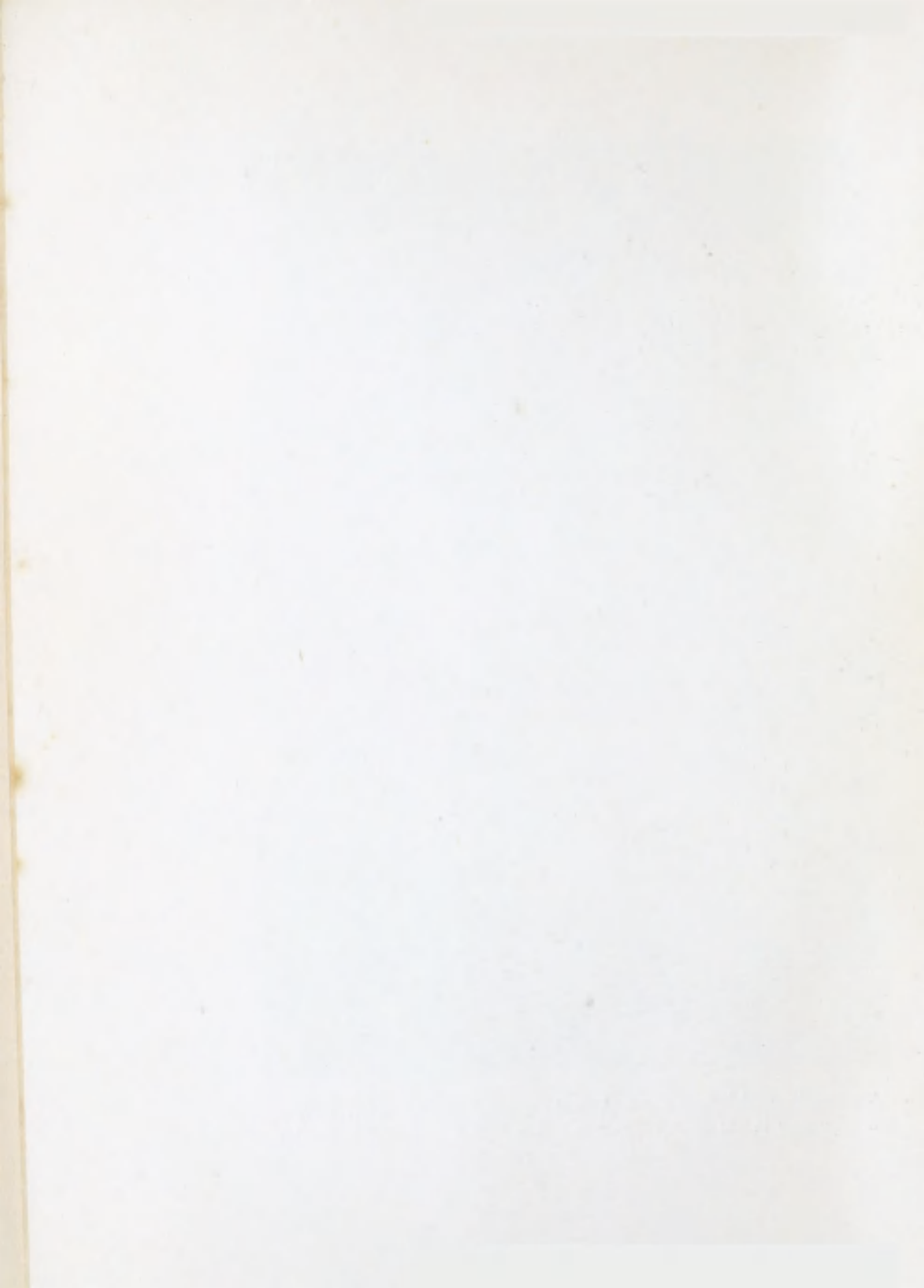
*The title-page and the ornaments at the end are facsimiles, the former slightly reduced.*

*This reprint has been compared with the original by Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum.*

JOHN S. FARMER,



[Facsimile of Title-page of "Impatient Poverty," slightly reduced, from a copy now in the British Museum. The back in original is blank.]









¶ Peace begynneth,

**T**He puifaūt prynce and innocent most pure  
whych humbly descended frō the sete sēpiternal  
illumyne hys beames of grace to euery creature  
To wythstand the conflicte of our enemyes mortall  
The deuyll, the world, & the fleshe, these .iii. in specyal  
whych setteth dyuision betwene the foule & the body  
In like wise enuy setteth debate betwene party & par

I speake for this cause, dayly ye may se (tye  
Howe that by enuy and malyce, many be destroyed  
which yf they had lyued in peace w̄ pacyent humilite  
Ryches and prosperite with them had ben employed  
For there as is peace, no man is annoyed  
For by peace men growe to great rycheffe  
And by peace men lyue in greate quyetnesse

I am named peace whych enuye doeth expel  
Enuy wyth me shall neuer rest  
For enuye is one of the paynes of hell  
when that he soiourneth within a mans brest  
Lyke the burnynge Fenix in her owne nest  
Though she can none other hurte ne greue  
yet she doth not cease her selfe to myscheue

A fyr here was a longe predication  
Me though ye sayd in your commnycatyon  
To euery man peace was most behoued.

Forsoth and so sayde I. Peace.

That shalbe proued contrarye by and by  
For by peace moche people are vndone

What people are tho. Peace.

The armurer, the fletcher, and the bowyer  
Maryners, gonners, and the poore sowyder  
yea and also many an other artyfycer  
which I do not reherse by name

Enuye[.]

- Peace. I say the vnyuerfall people doth best obtayne  
Where as peace is euer abydyng
- Enuye. Thou lyeſt ſo god me helpe and haly dome  
For then were furgyons cleane vndone  
Of them that wyll fyght and breake a pate  
They gete good lyuyng both erly and late  
And what ſayeſt thou by men of lawe  
Theyr lyuyng were not worth a ſtrawe  
And euery man ſhulde lyue in peace.
- Peace. That is not for the commons encrease  
For by peace they profyte in many a thyng  
Peace ſetteth amyte betwene kynge and kynge  
In tyme of peace marchauntes haue theyr courſe  
To paſſe and repaſſe
- Enuye. Thou lyeſt knaue by the maſſe (wroughte  
For vnder colour of peace moch ſuttelte hathe bene  
And ſhypps are taken y<sup>e</sup> marchaūtes dere haue boughte  
was that for theyr promocyon  
Nay in tyme of war  
Suche a knaue durſt not ſtere  
By y<sup>e</sup> maſſe were it not for ſhame thou ſhulſ bere me
- [P]eace. Holde thy handes thou lewde felow (a blow  
Thou arte of euyl dyſpoſicyon  
Thus agaynſt peace to repugne  
The whyche from heauen deſcended downe  
To bryngd man out of captiuite
- [E]nuye. A horſon why doeſt thou lye  
when were thou in heauen tell me by and by  
How cameſt thou downe with a ladder or a rope
- [P]eace. It were no ſynne to hange the by throte  
Thy wordes be enuyous, not grounded on charyte.
- [E]nuye. Syr one thyng I praye you tell me.
- [P]eace. What is that





Haue ye any wyfe or no	Enuy[e.]
Wherefore aske ye so	Peace[.]
Bycause ye saye peace is moste expedyent	Enuy[e.]
yf your wife made you cuckolde you beyng present what wolde ye do	
Geue her fochē punisshement as longeth thereto	Peace[.]
A false flatteryngē horson loo	Enuy[e.]
Nowe thou sayest agaynst thyne owne declaracyon yf thou fyght where is then peace become.	
I breake not peace with doynge due correctyon	Peace[.]
For correctyon shuld be done charitably	
Irafcemini et nolite peccare	
I shall mete that at omnium quare	Enuy[e.]
Peace shuld forgeue, and not be reuenged	
Hens horson by our lady of wolpit	
I shall rappe the of the pate	
Go hence wretche, thou make bate	Peace[.]
It were almes to set the in newgate	
Howe mayster constable come nere	
Here is a wretche wythout reason	
Take and put hym in pryson	
with as many yrons as he may beare	
By our lady I wyll come no nere	Enuy[e.]
A constable, quod ha, nay that wyll I not abyde	
For I am lothe to go shorter tyde	
yet longe horson for al thy pryde	
I shall mete wyth the another daye	
when one of vs two shall goo a knaue awaye	
O thou wretche thou ought to remorde	Peac[e.]
That so farre arte exiled from charyte	
Lo he thynketh not, how mekely his maker & Lorde	
Suffered reprefe and dyed vpon a tre	
Geuyngē vs example that wythe humyly	

Eueri man shulde folowe his trace  
That in heauen wyl clayme a place  
Impacyient pouerte.

Kepe kepe for coxs face.

Peace. why arte thou so out of pacyence

[I]mpaci- A knaue wolde haue rested me I owe him but .xl.

[e]nt po. He shall abyde by goddes dere blest. (pens

Peace. Take hede my frende thus sayth the texte

In lyttle medlynge standeth great rest

Therfore paye thy duetye well and honestly  
with fewe wordes dycretelye

Another tyme ye shall be the better truste

[I]mpaci- That wil I neuer do while I liue let him do his best

[e]nt po. I had leuer laye all my good to pledge

To gete a wryte of pryueledge

So may I go by his nose at large

Spyte of hys tethe who so euer saye naye

[P]eace. This is but a wilful mynde, yf thou wilt not paye

They very duety, whych can not be denayde

Getyng of thy wryte and expence in the lawe

wyl cost more then thy duety, thys wyll I knawe

Thy dette therwith can not be payde

It is onely a deferringe of the paymente.

[I]mpaci. yet the knawe shall not haue hys entent.

[P]eace. Thou shalt paye by ryghtfull iudgement

For the lawe is indifferent to euery person

[I]mpaci- I se thou holdest on his opynion

[e]nt po. Yet I set not by you both a rysshe

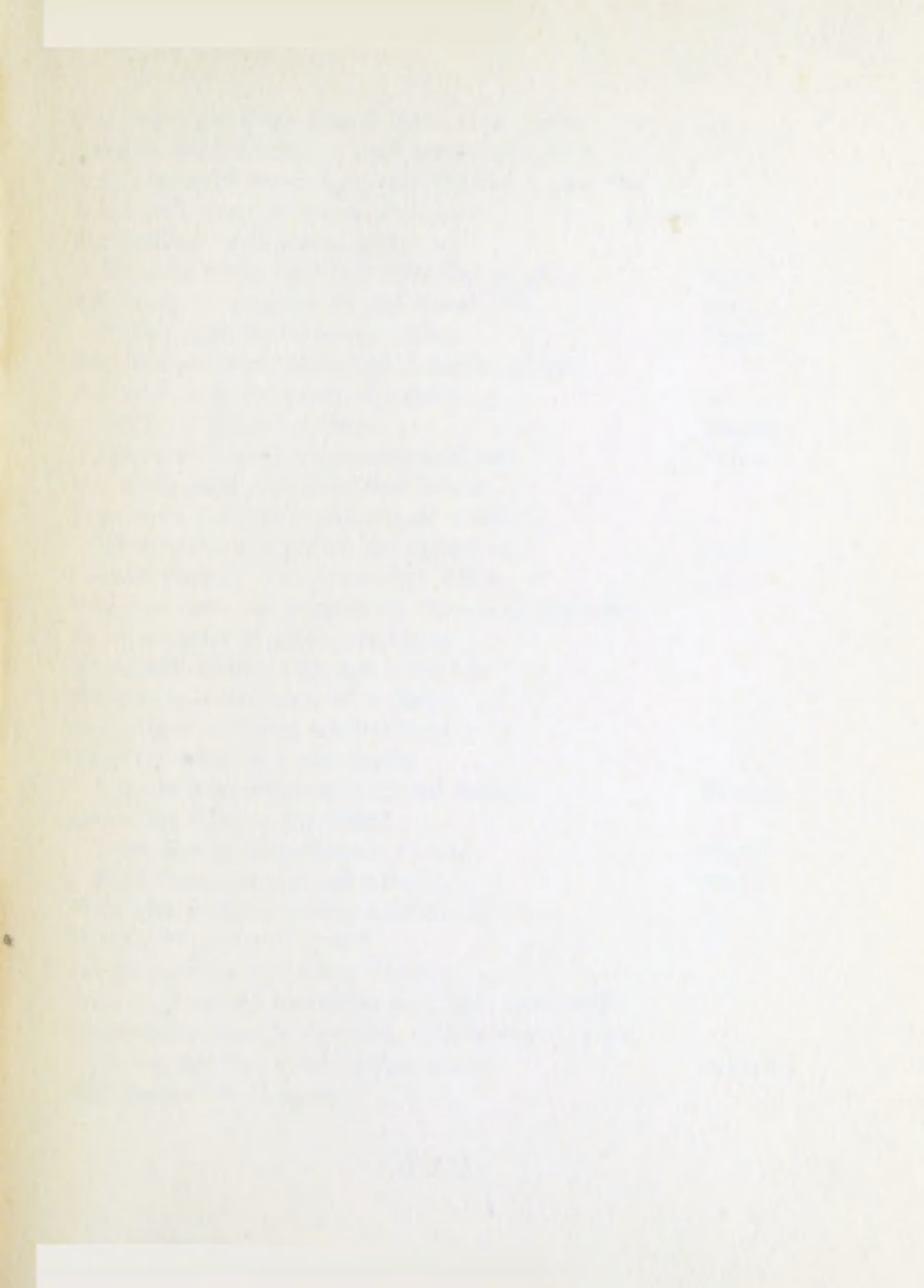
And I mete the knawe I shal hewe his fleshe

Helpe hym thou olde chorle and thou can

[P]eace. I se thou arte an euyldysposed man.

I vtterly forsake thy condycyon

[I]mpaci. Mary auaunt longe precyous horson







I fet not by the nor him, I make God auowe	
I am as good a man, as thou for all thy good	
Let it be tryet by māhode, and thertho I geue the my	
Al foch warryours I do reproue	(gloue Peace.
For peace loueth not to fyght	
No olde foole, thou haft losfe thy myghte	impaci-
For in age is noughte els but cowardyse	ent po.
Youth wyth hys courage lyghte	Peace.
Nor strenght wyth multitude I do the plyght	
Are not onely the caufe of victory	
No good fyr, what then.	impaci.
Grace and good gouernaunce of man	Peace.
For wyth good discrecion thei began.	
That were the greate winners of victory	
Then victory is gotten by dyscrecion	impaci-
I praye your fyr shewe me thys leffon	tnt po.
Howe to come to rycheffe, for that is all my care	
For I am euer in greate neceffyte	
Meate and drinke with me is fcarfite	
No man will truste me of a peny	
And also my clothes are but bare	
Good fyr what faye you therin	
I holde it puniffhmente for thi sinne	Peace.
Shewe me what is thy name	
I am named Impacyente pouerte	impac.
Forfoth that maye full well be	Peace.
Thou arte fo full of wrath and enuye	
In the can growe no grace	
But yf thou wylte forsake fenfualyte	
And be gouerned by reason as I fhall enduce the	
Thou fhalte come to rycheffe, wythin shorte fpace	
Shewe me that nowe in thys place	impaci[.]
And therto I wyll agree	

[P]eace. Thou muste loue thy neyghboure wyth charyte  
Do vnto hym, no maner of dysease  
Loke how thou wolde he dyd to the  
Do to hym no worfe in no degree  
And then thou shalt oure lorde please.

[I]mpaci- Shall I loue hym that loueth not me ?

[e]nt po. Those that trouble and rebuke me shamefully  
That wyll I neuer do whyle I lyue.

[P]eace. Thou must charitably al fautes forgeue  
What foeuer any man to the faye  
Let as thou harde it not, turne thyne eare awaye  
Thou shalt please god, yf thou so do,

[I]mpaci- Naye by good there hoo

[e]nt po. What is he in all thys place  
That wyll do as thys man sayde  
Shewe me or I go  
yf a man do you a greate offence  
Wyll ye kepe your pacyence  
Naye by god not so  
I put case I breake your heed  
wyll ye suffre that in verye dede.

[P]eace. To suffer for Christes sake I shall haue mede

[I]mpaci. That shal I knowe by Goddes brede.

Peace. Holde thy hande and kepe pacyence  
Thynke what Chryste suffered for oure offence  
He was beaten, scourged, & spytte on wyth vyolence  
And suffered death for our sake  
yet he toke it pacyentlye  
He forgaue hys death, and prayed for his enemyes  
Pater dimitte illis, hys sayinge was truelye  
An example for vs to take  
To be meke in harte: beaty pauperes spiritu  
Shal Chryste faye full euen





Et venite benediciti come my blessed chyldren  
To the kyngdom of heauen.

Syr I thanke you, for your ghostly instruction      impac[i-]  
Unto your saying, I can make no delayaunce      ent po[.]  
I putte me vnder youre gouernacion  
And for mysdedes, I take greate repentaunce

Then to my sainge, take good remembraunce      Peace[.]  
Exercyse youre selfe in vertue, from this tyme hence  
And vnto peace euermore be obediente  
Set before euery sharpe worde, a shylde of suffraunce  
And when tyme is of youre concupissaunce  
Then pacifie it with benynge refystaunce

Syr gramercy, y<sup>e</sup> ye haue brought me to thys estate impac[i-]  
By your aduertismēt I am wyllig to lyue in chrystes ent p[o.]  
Ther as I haue offended him both erly & late      (law

I serued hym not for loue nor for awe  
Therefore nowe ryghte well I knowe  
That pouerte and miserye that I my lyfe in lede  
It is but onely punisshemente for my mysdede

Nowe or we any further procede      Peace[.]  
Holde thys vesture and put it on the  
From hence forth thou shalte be called prosperite

I thanke God and you, I am in felicite      Prosp[e.]  
Nowe vnto you I shall here shewe      Peace[.]

Of soche thynges as ye shall eschewe  
Fyrste youre soule loke that ye kepe cleane  
Beware of myfrule in any wyse  
Playe not at caylles, cardes nor dyse  
Also from miswomen, for by them mischefe may ryse  
As it doeth often, this daylye is sene  
Haunte no tauernes, nor fytte not vp late  
Let not haffarde nor riotour, w<sup>h</sup> you be checke mate  
For then wyll enuy come, and make debate

B.i.

The whiche shall cause greate trouble  
Be plentiful of such as god hath sent  
Unto the poore people, geue wyth good intente  
For euerye peny that so is spent  
God wyll fende the double.

Take hede and do as I haue sayde  
Prospe. Syr therwith I holde me well apayed  
As ye haue commaunded me it shall be done  
Peace. Then let vs departe for a season  
yf ye nede I wyll be your protection. Exiūt ambo  
Haboū. Ioye and solace be in this hall  
Is there no man here, that knoweth me at al  
I am beloued both wyth greate and small  
Haboundaunce is my name  
I haue all thynges as me lyst  
Meate dryncke, and clothe of the best  
Golde and syluer full is euery chest  
In fayth I wyll not layne  
I thynke ye knowe not my wayes  
Howe I gette goodes nowe a dayes  
By a propre meane  
Thynke you that I wolde  
Lende eyther syluer or golde  
That daye shall not bee sene  
But I wyll lende them ware  
That shall be bothe badde and deare  
Not worthe the monye he shall paye  
And yf he can no fuerte gette  
Of my ware he getteth ryghte nought  
Wythout a good pledge he laye  
Then wyll I for myne auayle  
He shall make a byll of fayle  
To me full bought and folde







Yf the daye be expyred and pafte  
Then wyll I holde it fafte  
He fhall not haue it thought he woulde  
Thus crafte I haue longe vfed  
And fome men do not yet refufe it  
This is he openlye knowne  
what is he in all thys towne  
That wyll lende wythout fynguler commodum  
Shoulde I lende wythoute a profite  
Naye then I holde noughte worthe my wytte.

All this ye faye, is agaynfte confcience Confci[i.]

Confcience quod a, naye thē fhall we neuer thryue Habo[ū.]

For I knowe hym not a lyue  
By confcience that commeth to fubftaunce  
I haue all maner of marchandy  
I fell for longe dayes to theym that are nedy  
And for the paymente I haue good fuertye  
Bounde in ftatute marchaunte  
Bycaufe I maye forbear  
I fell my ware fo deare  
I make .xl. of .xx. in hafle a yeare  
Other men do fo as well as I.

Euen fynne, very fhame marye fye Confci[i.]  
theſe goodes are gotten vntrewelye  
Many a man is vndone thereby  
To take thys ware fo deare

They feke to me bothe farre and neare Habo[ū.]  
Me thincke it is a good dede  
To helpe a man at hys nede  
Yet haue I other meanes  
whereby I gette great gaynes  
I thyncke ye knowe not that.

I, no God wote Confci[.]

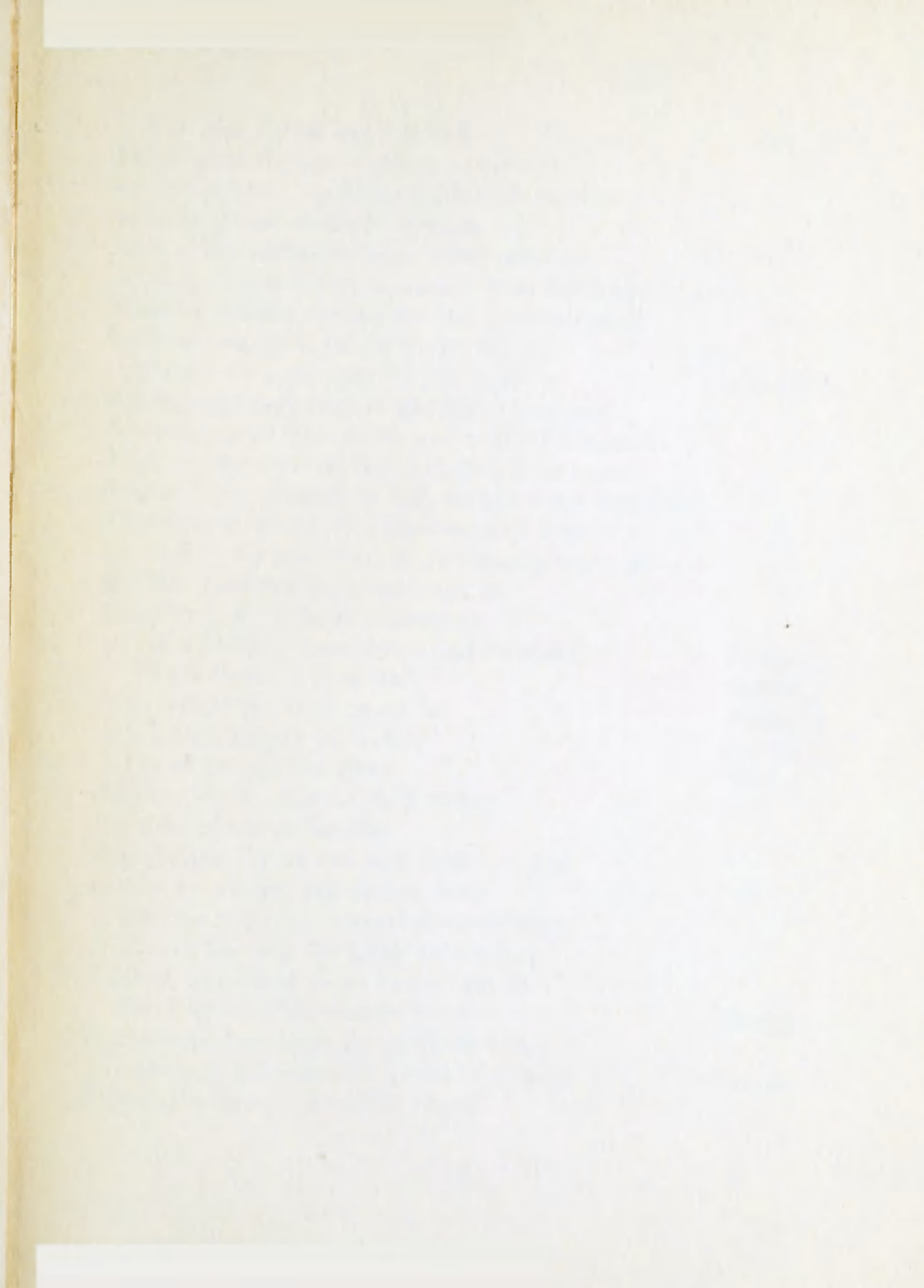
- [H]aboū. No ye are but an ydyote  
 I folde a man as moche ware, as came to .xl. pound  
 And in an oblygacyon, I hadde hym bounde  
 To paye me at a certayne daye  
 And when the bargayne was made playne  
 Myne owne seruauent, bought the same ware agayn  
 For the thyrde penny it coste, ye wote what I meane  
 But was not thys a wyfe waye?
- [C]onfci. Thou shalte repente it another daye  
 I charge the as farre as I maye  
 Soche false wayes neuer begynne
- [H]aboū. Wherefore this is no fynne  
 It is playne byenge and fellynge  
 Lawfull it is for a man to wyne  
 Els ryche shall he neuer be.
- [C]onfci. Wynnyng to be hadde, with due sufficiencyence  
 In true byenge and fellynge, is not to dyscomende  
 But for thi false vsury thou art cursed in the sentēce  
 I praye God geue the grace for to amende.
- [H]aboū. Is euery man accursed, that doeth bye and sell  
 Then shall no man wyth marchaundyse mell  
 Howe shall the worlde then be vpholde
- [C]onfci. Naye fyr, amyffe ye do vnderstande me  
 All those that occupye false vsurye  
 And transgresseth the lawes of God by iniquitie  
 All soche are accursed I you tolde  
 As for byenge and fellynge, nedes must be  
 And God comaundeth to lende to them that are nedy  
 So it be not to theyr iniurye  
 For luker to theym folde.
- [H]aboū. Howe shoulde I sel, shewe me youre wayes
- [C]onfci. ye maye not sell the dearer for dayes  
 yf ye doo, it is contrarye to Goddes lawes





It is vsed in oure Countrye	Hab[oũ.]
It is the more pytye	Conf[ci.]
One foche is able to destroye a Cytye	
And God shewe not hys greate mercye	
All foche are dampned by hys equite	
God forfende that shoulde be	Habo[ū.]
Howe shall men doo that be of greate reputacyon	
Whyche kepte theyr goodes on this same fashyon	
By vsury, dysceypte, and by extorcyon	
I doo so my selfe, wherfore shoulde I lye	
Thou mayste be the more forye	Conf[c[i].]
It is so nowe, what remedye	Habo[ū.]
Doo make reftytucyon	Conf[c[i].]
What call ye reftytucyon	Habo[ū.]
Restore foche goodes as ye haue gotten	Conf[c[i].]
wrongefully by oppreßyon	
Then shall I haue lyttle in my possesßyon	Habo[ū.]
I wyll make God amendes, another waye	
I wyll faste, and I wyll praye	
And I wyl geue almes euery daye	
That I haue done amyße, I am fory therfore	
This is not sufficyente, thou muste restore	Conf[c[i].]
Quia non dimittitur peccatum	
Nisi restituatur ablatum	
ye muste restore to theym, ye haue offended vnto	
Then I shall shewe you what I shall doo	Haboū[.]
I wyll putte it in my Testamente	
That myne executours shall paye and contente	
For whyle I lyue, I wyll not haue my good spente	
For yf I do I am but spylte	
Mke amendes man for thy gylte	Confci[.]
Rather spyll thy bodye, then spyll thy soule	
Men of substaunce are ashamed to fall	Haboū.

- [C]onfci. That causeth them to rest in theyr synne  
 [H]aboū. Yet euer with thy strongest part renneth the ball  
 [C]onfci. Yesterdaye thou canst not agayne call  
 When <sup>u</sup> art dead <sup>e</sup> gate of mercy is shut <sup>u</sup> can not co-  
 [H]aboū. Then let hym stande wythout (me in  
 [C]onfci. So of thy soule thou haste no doute  
 [H]aboū. When thou seest my soule torne fet on a cloute  
 yf falshode, vsury, and extorcyon shoulde not route  
 Thoufandes in thys realme shoulde be put out  
 The thyrd parte shoulde not byde by saynt Paule  
 [C]onfci. Yet often falshode hath a greate fall  
 An example by kynge Achab whych is sothe  
 Defyred the vyneyarde of that poore man Nabothe  
 By counsell of Iezabell that Kynges wyfe  
 Bycause he wolde not fell hys possessyon  
 Of two false witnesses he was peached of hye trason  
 And through the mouth of a false quest it raue  
 which caused the poore man to lese both land & lyfe  
 After that of goddes owne byddinge  
 Came Helias the prophet to Achab the kynge  
 Sayinge he shoulde haue euyl endynge  
 And so he had, for by the waye as he rode  
 He fel & brake his neck, wher dogs lapped his blode  
 thys exāple to al vsurers & oppreßours as thiketh me  
 Shuld cause thē of god fore a dred to be. (cōtrary  
 [H]aboū. Syr ye preache very holily, but our dedes be often  
 ye be so acquaynted wyth couetouse and symony  
 That maketh vs to take the same waye  
 [C]onfci. So euery euyl dysposed person doeth faye  
 The fraylte of man doeth often offende  
 Then call for grace, and shortely amende  
 Therfore I counsell the to pretende  
 To repente and be forye for thy mysdede







Yet thus I wyll my lyfe lede  
For of your sayinge I take no hede  
ye wyll mucker vp bothe golde and treasure  
ye haue ryches wythout meafure  
And of the fleffhe ye haue youre pleasure  
ye cā fynde no wayes to amend your self I you insure  
Therefore rebuke not me for my synne ne good  
God be wyth you, ye shall not rule me

Habo[ū.]

Odulle wyte plunged by ygnoraunce  
Regardynge nothyng of ghostly instructyon  
Settyng more hys minde on worldly substaunce  
Then on the euerlastyng lyfe that is to come  
God wyl fryke when he lyft, ye know not how fone  
Therefore to euery man thys counsell I geue  
To be fory for your fine, & do penaūce while ye lyue  
¶ Here cometh enuye runnyng in  
Laughyng, & fayth to confeyce.

Confci[i.]

Nowe in fayte I wolde ye had be there

Enuye[.]

Where shuldc I haue be.

Confci[.]

A better sporte ye neuer fe.

Enuye[.]

Whereat laughe ye so faste

Confci[.]

He to go and she after.

Enuye[.]

And wythin a while he caughte her

He toke of her an incroke

And chopte her on the hele wyth hys fote

Anone he whypte her on the backe

A horsone quod she, playest thou me that

And with her hele she gaue hym a spat

That he was fayne to go backe agayne

Confci[.]

Good felowe thou arte to blame

Soche wordes to haue, no good thou can.

I fayde it to make you sporte and game

Enuye.

I crye you mercye, I was to blame

I fe ye are some vertuous man  
 Confci. Shortely hence that waye thou came  
 For here thou shalte not be  
 Enuye. Good Lorde some succour thou sende me  
 That I be not oute caste  
 Confci. What is thy name, shortely shewe me  
 Enuye. I dare not fyr, By Christe Iesu  
 Excepte ye kepe it preuelye  
 Confci. Feare not faye on hardelye  
 Enuye. Syr, my ryghte name is charitie  
 Sometyme beloued I was wyth the spyritualtye  
 But now coueteouse & symony doeth them so auauce  
 That good institutyon is turned to other ordynaunce  
 And bonum exemplum is put to fuche hynderaunce  
 That here I dare not apeare  
 Confci. Symony is not nowe in the spyritualtie  
 Bonus pastor ouium, therto wyll see  
 Therefore me thyncke thys is a lye  
 In holy Church symony can not abyde  
 Enuye. He goeth in a clocke, he can not be espyde  
 And coueteouse so craftely doeth prouyde  
 That bonus pastor ouium, is blynde and wyl not see  
 Confci. Thys that ye speake is vppon enuy  
 Therefore I thincke ye be not charytye  
 For charytie alwaye wyll faye the beste  
 Enuye. Amonges theym can I haue no reste  
 Confci. Howe do ye wyth the themporaltye  
 Enuye. There is pryde, slewth and lechery  
 whych putteth me from that place  
 Confci. Then be ye wyth the communaltye  
 Enuye. They despyse me vtterlye  
 One of theym loue not another  
 the syfter can not loue the brother





Ne the chylde the father ne mother  
There I dare not shewe my face.

This is to me a straunge case Confci.  
What heare ye by confcyence.

Spiritual & tēporal fet agaynst him maruailously Enuye.  
Marchaūtes, men of law, & artificers of euery degre  
They wyl hange hym and they hym espye  
Soch exclamaciō goeth through this realme round

Why what faute haue they founde Confci.  
wyth hym so to do

Hys wytte is noughte, they faye also Enuye.  
Euerye man putteth hys wyll thereto  
To banyshē hym for euer.

I knowe well it is not as ye faye Confci.  
For I am confcyence the hye iudge of the lawe

Be ye conscience , alas that euer I thys day sawe Enuye.  
yf ye be taken, ye shalbe hanged and drawe

For they haue vtterly put you downe  
And fet couetyse in youre rowme  
Subtylte the scrybe hys owne cosyn  
And falsshed the somner for the courtes promocyon.

I maruayle wherfore thys was done Confci.  
When ryches came before you that moch wyl paye Enuye.

There he had lyued in synne many a daye  
ye shulde for money lette hym go quite awaye  
And put hym to no shame

Let pouerte do penaunce for a lyttle offence  
He is not able to promote you of .xx. pence  
Then shulde ye haue kepte your refydence  
And gotten your selfe a good name.

Who so doeth they are to blame Confci.  
In myforderynge them in soche wyse  
ywys cosyn I shewe you as nowe is the guyse

C.i.

For by couetyse moche people doeth vp ryfe  
whych is agaynst both you and me

Consci. Charyte I praye you shewe what remedye  
In thys matter for me may be founde

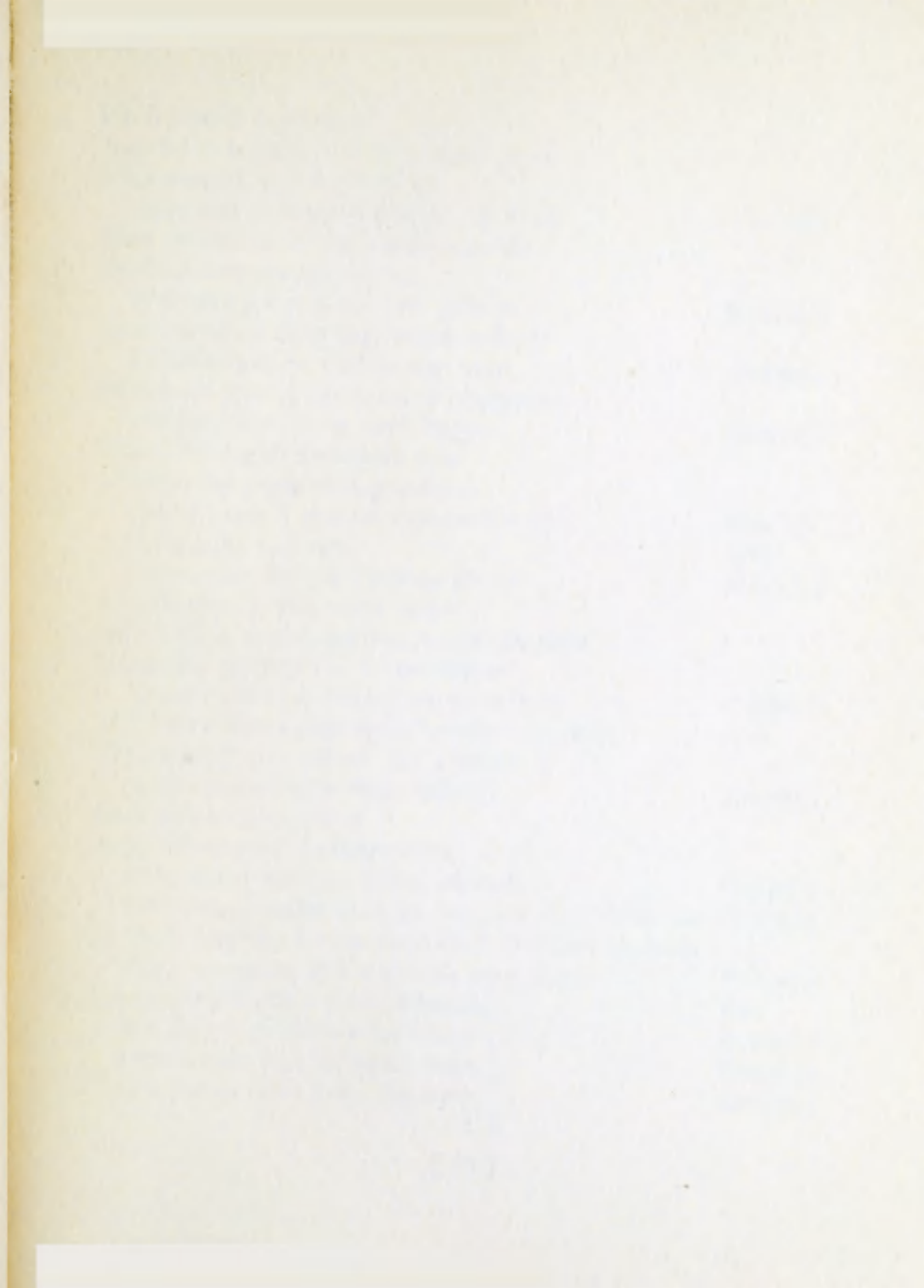
Enuye. Shortely get you to wyldernes, or some other regyō  
For they wyll hange you vp at the Tyborne  
yf they fynde you in thys place  
And I muste departe also

Consci. Thys is to me moche sorowe and woo  
I wyll go into some farre countre  
Farwell gentyll cosyn charyte

Enuye. I shall praye for you, praye ye for me.

Thys is an heauy departynge  
I can in no wyse forbear wepynge  
Yet kyffe me or ye go  
For sorowe my harte wyll breke in two.  
Is he gone, then haue at laughynge  
A fyr is not thys a ioly game  
That conscience doeth not knowe my name  
Enuy in fayth I am the same  
what nedeth me for to lye  
I hate conscience, peace loue and reste  
Debate and stryfe that loue I beste  
Accordyng to my properte  
when a man louethe well hys wyfe  
I brynge theym at debate and stryfe  
This is sene daylye  
Also betwene syster and brother  
There shall no neyghboure loue an other  
where I dwell bye  
And nowe I tell you playne  
Of one man I haue dysdayne  
Prosperyte men do hym call

Et plora







He is nye of my blood	
And he to haue so moche worldly good	
That greueth me worfte of all	
Iesus that is bothe stedfaste and stable	Profpe[.]
Euer perfeueraunt and neuer mutable	
He faue thys congregacyon	
Welcome pouerte by coxs paffyon	Enuye[.]
Howe haue ye done thys many a daye	
I thanke god as well as any may	Profpe[.]
ye call me wrong my name is profperyte	
Profperyte wyth an euyl happe	Enuye[.]
Howe the deyuil fortuneste that	
I knewe the impacient pouertye	
what fo euer I was let that matter pas	Profpe[-]
And take me as I am	ryte.
I crye you mercye I was to blame	Enuye[.]
To call you by your olde name	
yet all thefe people thynke ye are the fame	
impacient pouertye as I fayd before	
Auant I tell the. I am gentylman bore	Profpe[-]
Yf I heare the reporte fuche wordes any more	ryte.
Thou fhalt be punyffhed like a knaue.	
Aknaue quod a, by coxs paffyon	Enuye[.]
I am youre owne cofyn	
And nye of your confanguynite,	
Thou and I are not of one affynite	Profpe[.]
Yf I were a ryche man, ye wold not faye fo by me	Enuye[.]
ye wold then fay I were your next kynfman on lyue	
I faye go hence and make no more ftryfe	Profpe[-]
I fet not by fuche a pore hafkarde,	ryte.
Syr do not ye knowe my name	Enuye[.]
I knowe the not by faynt Iame,	Profpe[.]
Charyte in fath I am the fame	Enuye[.]

C.ii.

What nedeth me for to lye  
 I am youre cofin and fo wyll I dye  
 ye maye be gladde soche a kynfman to haue  
 Prospe. Shall we haue more a doo yet thou knaue  
 I charge the, neuer knowe me for thy kynne  
 Enuye. I praye you one worde or I goo  
 Prospe. Saye on shortelye then haue I doo  
 Enuye. Syr, I haue of golde thre hundreth pounce  
 In a bagge faste ybounde  
 At home locked in my cheste  
 I purpose to goo to Ierusalem  
 ye shall kepe it tyll I come agayne  
 I putte you beste in truste.  
 Prospe. Cofyn I woulde fayne doo the beste  
 Bycause ye are nere of my bloode  
 Enuye. What, are ye nowe in that moode  
 Nowe I am youre kyngman because of my good  
 Before of me he hadde dyfdayne  
 Prospe- As for that I was to blame  
 ryte. I knewe you not, be not angrye  
 ye are welcome to me cofyn charytye  
 Enuye. Then all these matters lette be  
 I come hyther wyth you to dwell  
 ye muste haue moo seruantes I do you tell  
 Soche as were necessarye for youre person  
 Prospe- I am contente after youre prouyfyon  
 [r]yte. In euery thyng lette it be done  
 As ye thyncke moste expedyende  
 [E]nuye. Syr I shall do myne entente  
 To gette you seruantes moo  
 Prospe- I praye you hertelye it maye be so  
 [r]yte. Alyttle season I wyll from you goo  
 To solace me wyth some recreacyon





He that fytteþ aboue the mone Enuy[e.]  
 Euermore be in youre protection  
 A ha here is fporte for a Lorde  
 That prosperite and I be well at accorde  
 I fhall brynge hys thryfte vnder the borde  
 I truste wythin fhorte space  
 For it greueth my harte ryghte fore  
 He hath so moche treasure in store  
 And I haue neuer the more  
 I muste fynde some proper shyfte  
 That from hys good he maye be lyfte  
 To brynge hym to myfrule I holde it beste  
 For he can soone brynge it to passe Here myfrule  
 How what rutterkyn haue we here syngeth wout  
 I wolde he were oure subchauntere comminge in.  
 Bycause he can so well synge

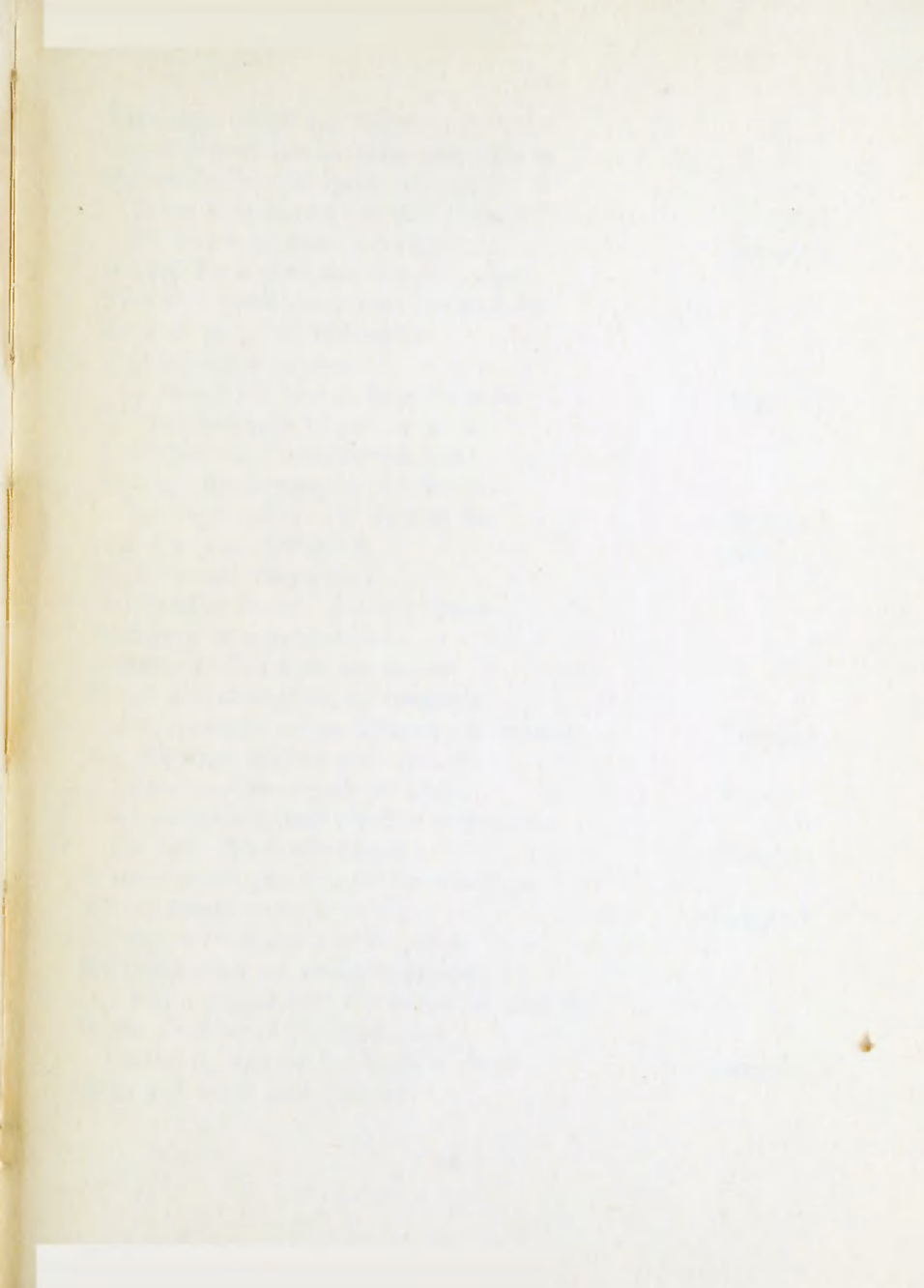
Uenir auecque vous gentyl compaygnon Myfr[ule.]  
 Faictes bone chere pour lamour de sainct Iohn  
 Mon coeur iocunde is sette on a mery pynne  
 By my trouth I am disposed to reuelynge

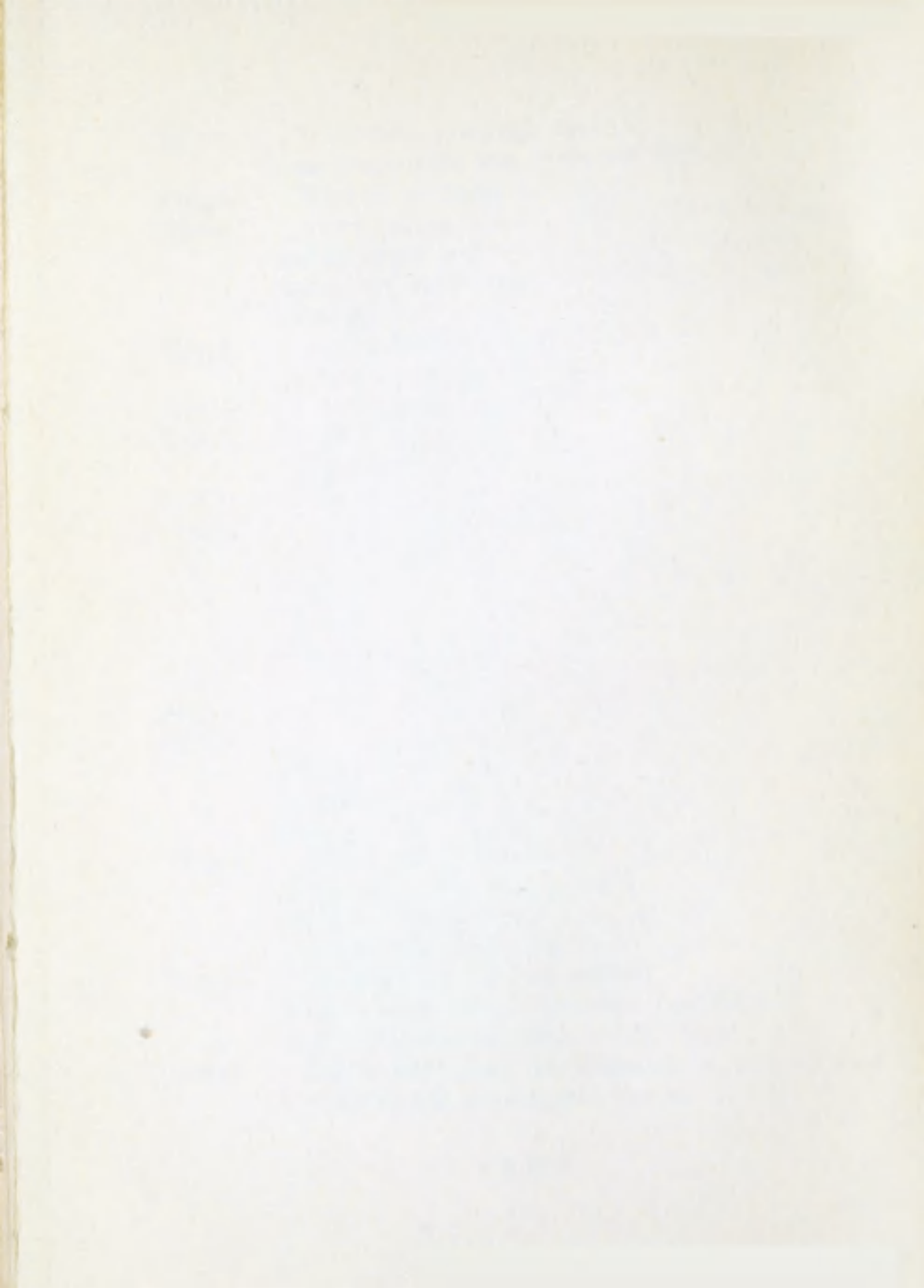
So me thinketh by youre commynge in Enuy[e.]  
 What myfrule where haste thou bene manye yeares

By my trouth euen amonges my peres Myfr[ule.]  
 I came nowe strayghte from the stewes  
 From lyttle pretye Ione  
 Lorde that she is a pretye one

Holde thy peace, lette, that alone Enuye[.]  
 Harke a worde or twayne to the  
 I dwell nowe wyth prosperiteye  
 which hath moche worldly treasure  
 yf thou can contriue in thy thoughte  
 Howe that he maye be broughte to noughte  
 In all thys worlde I defyre nomore

- Myfru.        Tushe take no though therfore  
                  I can prouyde for that in the best wyfe.
- Enuye.        Then let me heare thy deuyce
- Myfru.        I wyll brynge hym to clashe, cardes and dyse  
                  And to propre trulles that be wanton and nyce  
                  whych wyll not be kepte wyth a small pryce  
                  Howe thynkest thou, wyl not thys do well
- Enuye.        yes but harken in counsell  
                  Thou must chaunge thy name
- misrule        I wyll saye I hyght myrth
- Enuye.        And I wyl saye the same  
                  Peace whyft I se hym come
- Profpe.        God saue al thys honourable companye
- Enuye.        Syr you be welcome by our blessed ladye  
                  I haue thought for you full longe  
                  Here is a gentyl man, I pray you for my sake  
                  Say he is welcome, and into youre seruyce hym take  
                  For greate courtesye he can
- Profpe-rite.    Syr you be welcome, geue me youre hande
- misrule.        And shewe me what is youre name
- misrule.        Syr my name is myrth  
                  Beloued wyth lordes & ladyes of byrthe  
                  At euery tryumphe I am them with  
                  They can me not ones forbere
- Enuye.        And ye had fought thys thoufande yere  
                  Suche another ye shall not fynde  
                  wherfore I counsell you in my mynde  
                  Let hym dwell wyth you for one yere.
- Profpe.        At youre request I am content  
                  Suche a prety man for me were expedyent  
                  And of hys counsell sayne wolde I here
- misrule.        Syr ye must synge and daunce & make good chere  
                  I wolde ye had some propre wenche







That were yonge and lustye at apynche  
Her hele were not so brode as an ynche  
She wolde quycken your courage

Peace hath forbyde al that outrage

Prosp[e.]

He wolde set you at dotage

Enuy[e.]

Bycause he is olde and nature is paste  
He wolde nowe euery man shulde faste  
yf ye do so, ye do but waste

And vnto you no mede

A strawe for him ye haue no nede

Myfr[u.]

Of hym to stande in awe or drede

A meryer life nowe may ye lede

Therefore be at your owne lybertye.

By my trouth I may saye to the

Prosp[e.]

Sith I to him dyd assent

ryte.

Had I neuer merye daye

But liued in feare and drede alwaie

Nothyng to mine entente

Another while I wyl me sporte

Synge and daunce to my comforte.

And amonge merye company do resorte

Enuy[e.]

For that shal lenghte your lyfe.

Spare neyther mayde ne wyfe

Myfr[u.]

Take bothe and they come in youre waie

Of wyth this lewde araye

Enuy[e.]

It becommeth you nought by this daye.

By my trouth euen as ye saye

Prosp[e.]

Ye marye nowe am I well apayde

Me thynketh I am properly araide:

yf I had a proper trull she shulde be assayde

In the worshyp of the newe yere

Ruffhe vp mutton, for beefe is deare

Enuye[.]

Haue and reuell and chaunce:

Myfru. Nowe let vs bothe synge and daunce  
 wyll ye haue a frenshe rounde  
 [P]rospe. And thou shalt se me bounce aboute the grounde  
 Hey with reuell dashe Peace entreth  
 [P]eace. What prosperite is it come hereto  
 [P]rospe. What deuyll of hel hast thou to do  
 Shall I not make mery when me lyst.  
 [P]eace. Yet I faye beware of had I wyft  
 [E]nuye. Hens ye knaue or els thou shalt lycke my fyft  
 I trowe thy heede wolde haue some knockes  
 [P]rospe- Go fet hym in a payre of stockes  
 [ri]te. That I hym no more se.  
 [P]eace. Yet man I faye remembre the  
 And thynke what I to the haue sayde.  
 Escheue euermore these ryatours company  
 And be ruled by reafon as I the badde  
 Put frō the these two persons by whō thou art lade  
 Enuy & myrful with theyr synful & great abusyon  
 whych yf thou wylt not forsake, wyl be thy confusyon  
 [P]rospe. Auaunt lorel, and take thys for a conclusyon  
 These men from me thou shalt not seperate  
 Go out of my fyght or by coxs passyon  
 I shall laye the fast in newgate  
 [P]eace. It is vetter to forsake them betyme then to late  
 Myfru. This knaue wolde haue a broken pate  
 Let me alone by goddes breade  
 This same swerde shall stryke of hys head.  
 [P]rospe- I praye you hens that he were rydde  
 [ri]te. Shortly haue hym out of my fyght  
 [P]eace. A lytle whyle geue me respyte  
 And take hede what I do faye  
 Remembre in what condycyon thou was  
 when I fyrst mette the in this place





Full fymple in poore araye  
 Nowe by the grace of god and counsell of me  
 Thou arte come to great prosperyte  
 And so mayst continue vntyll thou dye  
 yf thou wyfelye take hede  
 Let not sensuallyte lede the brydell  
 Be occupied in vertue, and be not ydell  
 The better shalte thou procede  
 These wretches wyll thy goodes spende and waite  
 Then shalte thou be taken for an out caste  
 And mocked and scorned wyth most and leest  
 Then wyll no man the helpe at nede.

A fyr euyll mote thou spende  
 That so can rede hys destanye.

Enuye.

Wyl ye suffre thys knaue in youre company  
 Then God be wyth you I wyll forsake you

Myfru.

Go hence or in fayth I shall make you.

Prospe.

Then to almyghty god I betake you.

Peace.

Let me come to that braggar.

Enuye.

I shal thrust hym thorowe the ars with my dagger

(And here they face Peace out of the place)

Howe say ye, was not thys a good face

To dryue a knaue out of the place.

In fayth thou made hym runne a pace

Myfru.

Thou loked as thou hadde bene madde

Nowe by my trouth my harte is glad

Prospe.

Some mynstrell nowe I wolde we hadde

To reuell and daunce, for by faynt Chadde

I am so lyght me thinke I flee.

ye mary so shulde it be

Enuye.

For nowe I holde you wyse.

Syr and ye wyll do myne aduise

misrule[.]

Let vs go strayght to the floure delyce

D.i.

There shall ye fynde a man wyll playe at dyce  
with you for an hundreth pounce.

Profpe. What man is he ?

Myfru. Colehaffarde came late from be yonde the see  
Ragged and torne in a garded cote  
And in hys purse neuer a grote  
And nowe he goeth lyke a lorde

Profpe. I pray the tell me at our worde  
Is he a gentylman bore.

Enuye. Tuffhe take no thought therfore  
For be he gentylman, knaue, or boye  
If he come hether with tryfle, or a toye  
He can no money lacke.

Profpe- Now by the breade that god brake  
ryte. I thyncke longe tyll I hym se  
Myrth go before and ordayne a good dyfthe  
One of fleshe, and an other of fyfthe

Enuye. Nay let all be fleshe  
A yonge pullet tender and nesseshe  
That neuer came on broche, haue with y or thou go

Myfru. What shall I haue ?

Enuye. Foure quarters of a knaue.

Roasted vpon a spytte.

Exit myfrule.

Profpe. Nowe by my trouthe and colehaffarde wyll fyt  
I wyll play as long as an hundreth pound wyll last.

Enuye. And ye wyl play an hundreth pounce at a cast  
He wyll kepe you playe.

Profpe- Then let vs go our waye

ryte. I fyt on thornes tyll I come ther

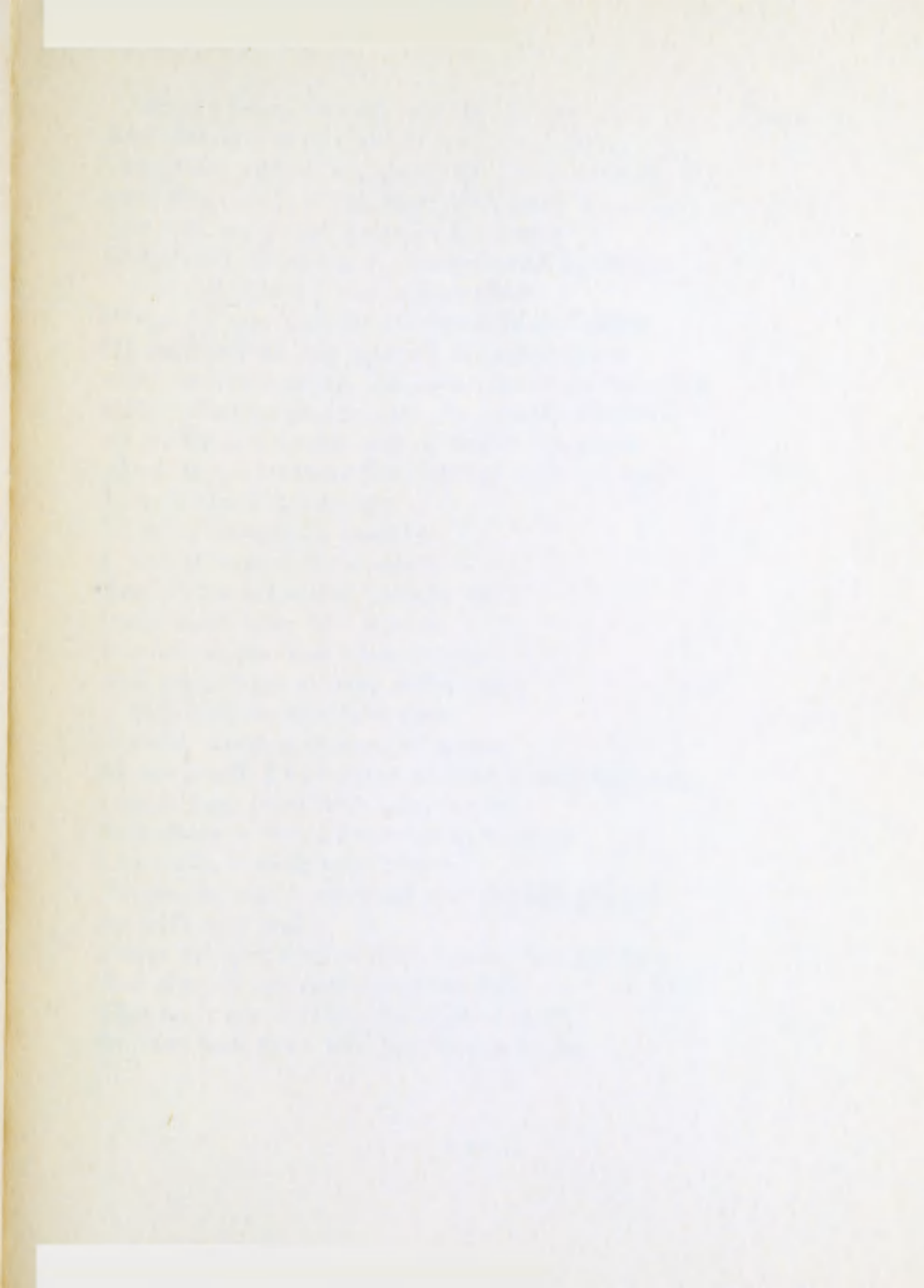
Enuye. That shall make your thyrste full bare

Profpe. What wyll it do ?

Enuye. I say we shall haue good chere

When we come there.

Exūt ambo.







Peace.

When phebus draweth into the occidentall  
And obserued wyth clowdes mysty and darke  
Then trees, herbes, and grasse, by course naturall  
want theyr chefe cōfort, thus sayth many a clarke.  
And lyke wyfe that a man in hys warke  
Is dytstitute of reason, folowyng sensuall operacyon

The laste tyme I was in thys place  
Prosperite vnto myrrole put hys hole confidence  
He regarded not my counsell, he lacked grace  
which in time coming, shal turne him to incōuenyēce  
wyth hassarders, and ryotters, he kepeth refydence  
At classe and cardes, with al vnthryfty game  
whyche in contynauce shal brynge hym to shame  
To hym yet I wyl reforte

Yf he be brought in pouertye  
I shal do hym al the comforte  
And all the helpe that lyeth in me  
I wyl neuer reste tyl I hym se  
But seke about from place to place  
And bryng hym to some better grace

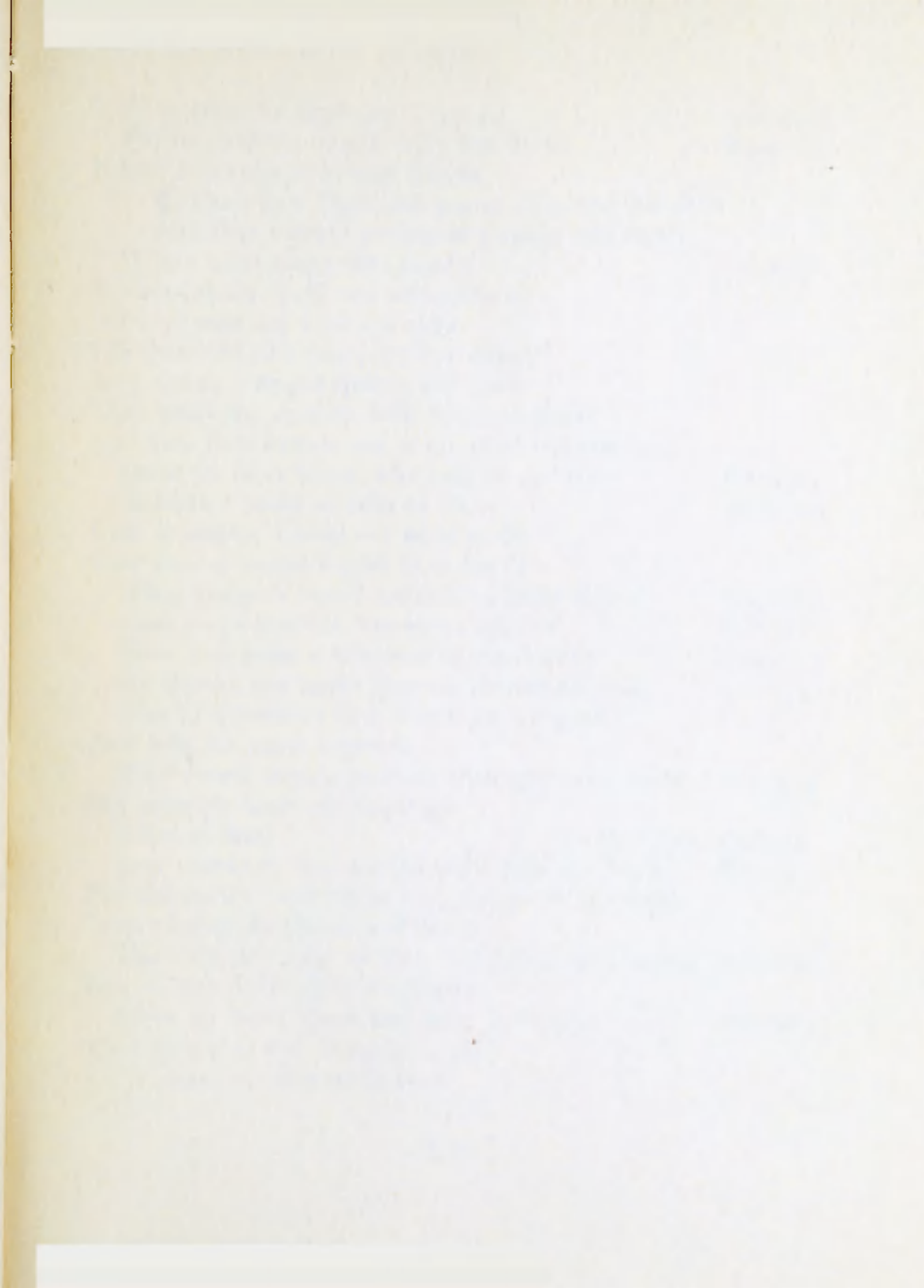
Exit.

misrul[e.]

Coll hassarde arte thou there  
Horeson knaue wylt thou no appere  
By my trouth I had wente to haue founde hym here  
I holde hym gone some other waye  
And where is enuye I can not hym espye  
I trowe he is wyth prosperytye  
Prosperyte, nay, I maye cal hym folysshe pouerte  
As wyfe as a drake  
I haue brought hym to dyce, cardes, and classe  
And euer on hys fyde ranne the losse  
That he is not worthe a handfull of mosse  
Neyther hath not a hole brat to hys backe

D.ii.

- Enuye. Passyon of god, is it come to that  
 These tydynges maketh my hart glade.
- Myfru. In fayth he hath neyther golde, syluer, ne plate  
 Col haffarde and I be both at one  
 He promysed me to haue halfe the game  
 That euery thyng shall be deuyled in twayne  
 He to haue the one halfe and I the other
- Enuye. Then lette vs be parteners as brother and brother
- Myfru. I can not saye, tyll Coll haffarde come  
 Then shall we knowe, bothe all and some
- Colhaf- Here is a bagge of golde so rounde  
 farde. Here in is two thousande pounce  
 Of prosperyte me it wonne  
 What man is able wyth me to make comparison  
 Nowe shall I take a marchauntes place  
 To occupye I truste wythyn shorte space  
 To be incredence wyth Englysh men  
 And when I am so well be truste  
 I maye borowe so moche as me luste  
 A subtyll crafte then fynde I muste  
 To conuaye vnder coloure lyke free men
- Enuye. Harke thys knaue so proude and stoute  
 That hadde not to hys arse a hole cloute  
 Whē he came to this land, & now hath brought about  
 To compare wyth a state
- misfrule. Nowe muste I haue halfe money and halfe plate
- Colhaf. Naye by God there thou spake to late  
 None therof from me shall scape  
 Then hadde I lyned to longe
- misfrule. Thou promised me, when thou beganne  
 Halfe thy wynnynge I shoulde haue
- Colhaf. Holde thy peace lewde knaue  
 Knowest thou to whom thou doest speake







Fyrst a knaue and then a man  
 And now he is a knaue agayne  
 Pouer. Why faye ye fo ye be to blame  
 I am youre mayfter prosperyte  
 misrule Auaunt lorell and euyl to the  
 Get the out of thys companye  
 begynnest thou now to make comparyfon  
 Enuye. Let hym be your vnder page  
 Geue hym meate and drynke, but no wage  
 Go brushe hys gowne & make clene hys shone  
 misrule Wel knaue canst thou no courteysye  
 Enuye. He hath soche a dysease in hys knee  
 He can not chaunce a man groate  
 It is not as ye wene  
 misrule Come and se my shone made clene  
 Enuye. By my fayth he shall wype mine  
 misrule Thys knaue is not mete for me  
 It greueth my harte when I hym se  
 I wyl go hence and leue you twayne  
 For enuy thou mayst with pouertye rayne. Exit.  
 Enuye. Naye I had leuer he were slayne  
 I am gone as fone as ye.  
 Pouer. Abyde styll wyth me gentyll charyte  
 O to whome shulde I fewe, to whom shuld I plette  
 O mortall worme wrapped all in wo  
 as a man all mortified, and mased in my wytte  
 I a captyfe in captyuite, lo fortune is my foo  
 I am in endlesse sorowe, alas what shall I do  
 these captiues thorow theyr couñsel & fals imaginacyō  
 haue brought me to nought y was of great reputaciō  
 wo worth the tyme that I them knew  
 I maye well fyghe aud faye alas  
 For now he fynde these wordes full trewe







That peace shewed me here in this place  
 I regarded not hys counsell. I lacked grace  
 wherfore nedy pouerte on me doth blowe hys horne  
 That euery man and womā doth laugh me to scorne  
 Example to all yonge men when they take in hand  
 To occupye in the worlde for your behofe  
 Loke wyfely before and also vnderstande  
 Euyll compani destroyeth man on me ye se the profe  
 Make a fure foundacyon, or ye fet vp the rose  
 Of a good & vertuous begīning cometh a good endīg  
 And euermore beware of vnmeasurable spendynge

¶ Here entreth the Somner.

I a fyte you in our court to appeare	Som.
I praye you tell me wherfore	Pouer[.]
Ye be greate sclauderer and full of enuy	Sōner[.]
There wyll no man faye so but ye	Pouer[.]
what wylt thou geue me and thou shalt go quyte.	Sōner[.]
By my trouth I haue not one myte	Pouer[.]
Then open penaunce & thou art like	Som.
By my trouth Isclauder no man	Pouer[.]
Then come & secule thy self as well as thou can	Som.

¶ Haboundance entreth.

What man is he that can me dismaye	Haboū[.]
For I optayne all thynges at my wyll	
Or who dare any thynges agaynst me faye	
what so euer I do be it good or yll	
For yf he do he were better be styll	
I shall hym punishe be it ryghte or wronge	
For wyth my purse I can. both saue and hange	
To repugne agaynst me : he were better be styll	
I haue a propre trull for my pastaunce	
In my chamber I her kepe, bothe nyght and daye	
My neyghbours therwith, taketh great greuaunce	

yet I kepe her still, who so euer say nay  
How be it there is one a poore caytyfe I heare saye  
Hath me accused in the courte spirituall  
And it coste me a, C.li. punishe him I shall

Som. Open synne must haue open penaunce  
God spede my mayster haboundaunce

Haboū. What knaue arte thou with a very myschaunce  
That cometh info homely.

Sōner. Syr I praye you be not angrye  
I am an offycer of the spiritualtye  
Ther is vpon you a great sclaunde  
ye kepe another mannes wyfe in your chambre  
And lyue in great aduantrye.

Haboū. What wretches doeth so say by me.

Som. It is openly knowen euery where  
Before my mayster I charge you to appere.  
Upon a boke there shall ye swere  
Whether it be so or no

Haboū. What is the beste for me to do  
Rather then I to the courte wyll goo  
I had leuer spende twentie pounce

Sōner. Syr of soche a way may be founde  
To excuse you, what wyll ye thed saye

Haboū. Now therof hartely I the praye

Som. ye shall come home to my maysters place  
And saye that ye be put vp of malyce  
Thrust mony in his hande apace  
And so shal ye go quyte away

Haboū. For thy coufel gamercy, hold here is .xl. pence.

Som. Come on sir I wyll do my dylygence. exiūt ambo.

¶ Here entreth y<sup>e</sup> somner agayne, & pouerte foloweth  
him with a candell in his hāde doying penaūce aboute  
the place. And them sayth the somuer.

Som. Rowme fyrs auoydaunce





That thys man maye do hys pennaunce	
Now haue I my penaunce done	Pouer[.]
Nay thou shalt aboute ones agayne	Sōner[.]
The pouerte and trouble that I endure	Pouer[.]
I cannot to you in fewe wordes expresse	
Yf it shulde be into god no dyspleasure	
I wolde defyre death my payne to releffe.	
Soche is my penurye and troublesome heuynesse	
That I coude in no wyse, suffre it paciently	
But that I truste to wynne heauen thereby	
What mā art thou that maketh soch lamentacyon	Peace.
Mayster peace, I defyre you of pardon	Pouer.
I am youre seruauant, some tyme called prosperyte	
Howe came thou to thys perplexyte	Peace.
Coll haffarde, myfrule, and false enuy	Pouer.
Brought me to hys destresse	
I shewed the before playne expresse	Peace.
Then of my wordes thou haddest dyfdayne	
Therefore nowe it is to me greate payne	Pouer.
What persons are those that dyd him accuse	Peace.
Syr he is put vp by sute of offyce.	Som.
Sute of offyce, then it is so	Peace.
Ther hath ben credable persons thre or two	
Soche artycles to the iudge dyd shewe	
He oughte therto to haue good respecte	
And do swere these persons vpon a boke	
For loue ne dred they say but trewe	
For it is not lesfull for a called, a caytyfe, or a knaue	
Agaynst honest persons soch matters for to haue	
To put a man to open penaunce without deue profe	
Syr whē I entred mine office this was mine othe	Sōner[.]
To herken about and heare	
For backekyters, sclaunderers, and false iurers	

E.i.

Syfmatykes, homyfedes, and great vfures  
Bandes, aduouterers, fornycatours, and echeters  
All foch muft penaunce do

Pouer. I knowe one foch came neuer thereto.

Peace. Who is that?

Pouer. His name is called haboundaunce  
Whych hath done manye a great offence  
For he kepeth another mannes wyfe  
No maner of penaunce ye make hym do  
But redemeth wyth money and let hym go  
So in aduoutrye ftyl he ledeth hys lyfe

Som. He made is purgacyon vpon a boke  
Or els redemed wyth the fyluer hoke

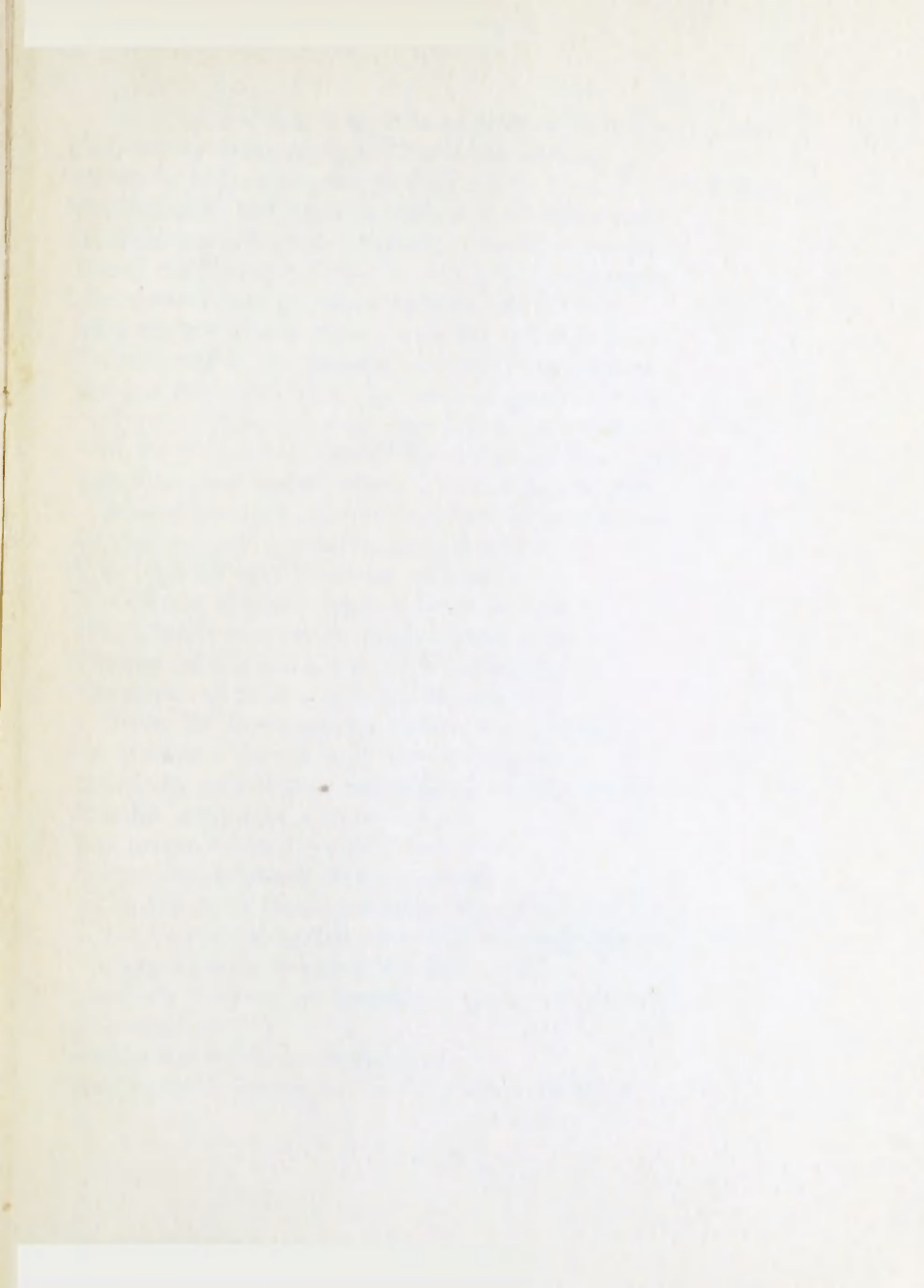
Peace. Syluer hoke, that I denye  
For it is a playne decree  
That open fynne muſte do open puniſhemēte  
There can be no foch iudgemente  
That money ſhall ſtop the lawe.

Pouer. Naye there ſtoppe and laye a ſtrawe  
Where ſe ye anye man a ſubſtaunce  
Put to open penaunce  
But punyſhed by the purſe  
A poore man that hath nought to paye  
He ſhalbe punyſhed thys ye ſe euery daye  
But yf he be obſtynaunt and wyll not obeye  
Anone they well hym curſe.

Som. Wel for thy ſaying another day y<sup>e</sup> ſhal fare y<sup>e</sup> worſe.  
Exyt ſomner.

Pouer. Syr I beſeche you comfort me with ſome ſolace.

Peace. Thou art well punyſhed for thy treſpaſſe  
By thyne owne ſenſuall and vndyſcrete operacyon  
Hath brought the to all thys trybulacyon  
Stande vp, wyth thys veſture I ſhal the renewe,







Syr I thanke you, & wyll do at your reformacyon      Pouer.  
 And for my tyme mysspent I am fore ashamed  
 Yf ye do as I you bydde ye shall not be blamed      Peace.  
 Forfake enuy and, myrful with al their olde perers  
 Be cōuerfaunt w̄ good mē goodnes therof wyl grow  
 Folow the sayenge of Dauid : cū sancto sanctus erys  
 For wycked men euermore wycked feed do sowe  
 what cōmeth of euil cōpany now thy self doth know  
 Prynt it well in thy memory and do it not forgette  
 Many a man doth decay for lacke of good forewitte

Syr your sayenges is ful true I haue perceyued it      Prospe-  
 And for the vertuous cōfessell that ye to me haue geue      ryte.  
 I shall be your oratour whyle I haue a day to lyue

Soueraignes here may ye se proued before you al      Peace.  
 Of this wanton worlde the great fragilyte  
 Euer mutable of the turnyng as a bal  
 Nowe flode of ryches nowe ebbe of pouerte  
 What shulde men set by this worldes vanyte  
 Thynke on this lesson and do it not forget  
 The gayest of vs al is but wormes meate

Withe the supportacyon of this noble audyence      Prospe-  
 we haue here shewed this symple enterlude      ryte.  
 Besechyng you of your benyuolence to take pacyence  
 It is but a myrrour vice to exclude  
 The maker hereof his entent was good  
 No man to dysplease olde nor yonge  
 Yf any faute be therin we desyre you of pardon

Let vs pray al to that lorde of great magnificence      Peace.  
 To send amonge vs peace rest and vnyte  
 And Iesu preferue our foueraigne Quene of preclare  
 preeminence  
 with al her noble consanguynyte  
 And to sende them grace so the yssue to obtayne

E.ii.

After them to rule this most chryften realme

O good Lord as thou arte onypotent  
Haue regarde vnto my petycyon  
Conferue thys noble realme, and all that are present  
Of thy eternall deyte graunt them al thy fruycyon  
And from our mortall enemies be oure protectyon  
Iesu as thou vs redemed, bryng vs to the bleffe  
There as aungels synge, Gloria in excelsis

¶ Amen.

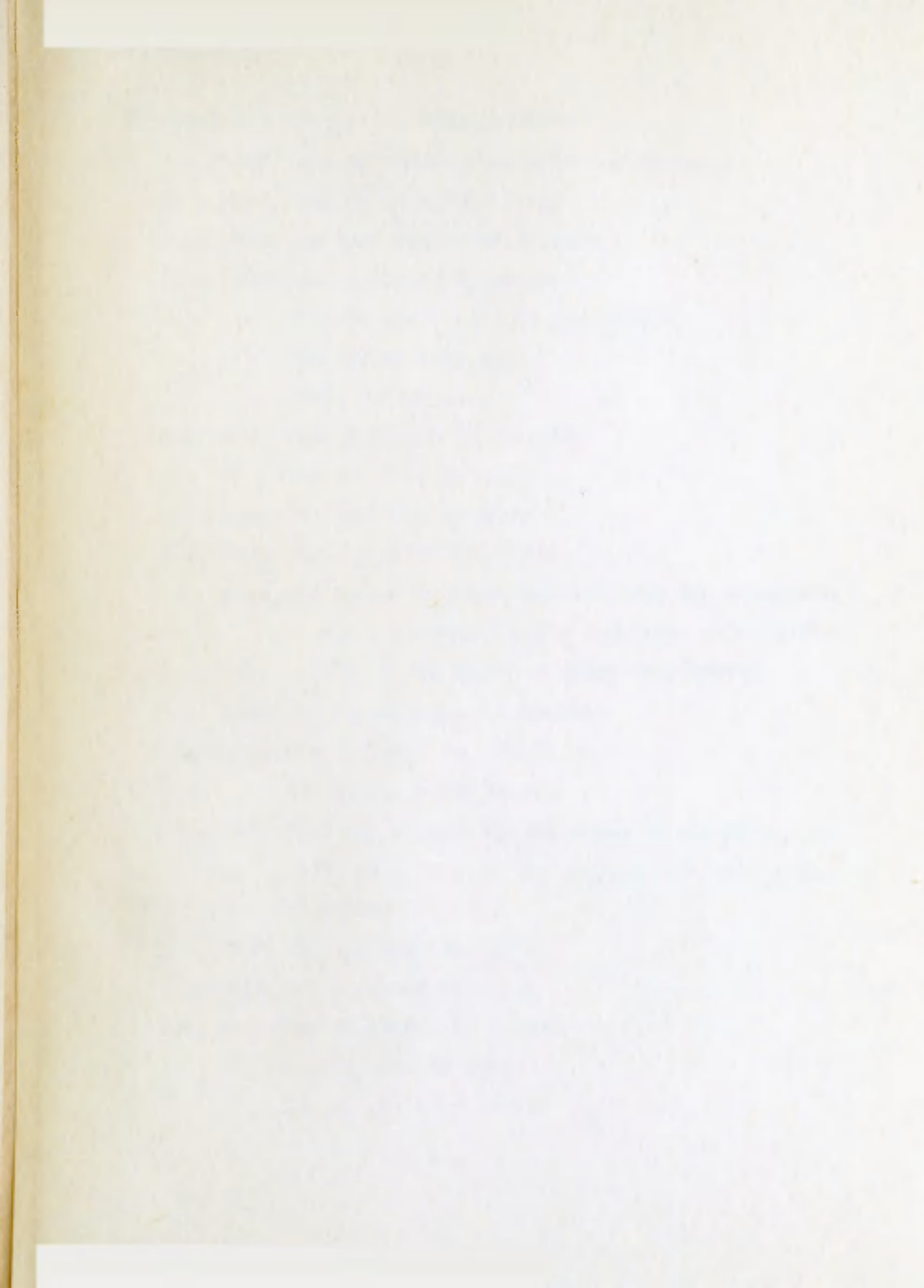
¶ Thus endeth the enterlute called  
Impacyente pouertye.



● Imprinted at London, in Paules  
Churche yearde at the Sygne of  
the Swane by Iohn Kynge.



*[In the original this second tail-piece is very blurred and indistinct, the first design being ultra sharp, hard, and black.]*





[OBVIOUS ERRORS will be found as follows :

A.ii., recto, line 24, *Commnnicatyon* for *Communicatyon*.

A.ii., verso, line 26, *bryngd* for *brynge*.

A.iii., recto, last line, *humyly* for *humylity*.

A.iv., recto, line 3, *thertho* for *therto*.

line 12, *gouernaunce* for *gouvernaunce*.

line 16, *your* for *you*.

Ibid., *tnt* for *ent*.

B.ii., recto, line 3, *thought* for *thoughe*.

line 21, *hafle* for *halfe*.

B.iii., recto, line 31, *Mke* for *Make*.

B.iv., recto, line 19, *shuldc* for *shulde*.

C.i., recto, the names of players on this page are throughout  
set in the original half a line lower than the first  
line of the speech to which they belong.

C.ii., verso, line 17, *kyngman* for *kynsman*.

C.iii., verso, line 1, *though* for *thought*.

line 31, *fayne* for *fayne*.

C.iv., recto, lines 10, 14, and 15, the names of the players are  
in each case in the original set half a line  
higher.

C.iv., verso, line 24, *vetter* for *better*.

D.ii., verso, line 29, *lyned* for *lyued*.

D.iii., recto, line 12, *forfake* for *forfake*.

line 19, *eome* for *come*.

line 21, *wome* for *wonne*.

D.iii., verso, line 30, *y* for *y*.

D.iv., verso, line 11, *ſclaunde* for *ſclaundre*.

line 13, *aduantrye* for *aduoutrye*.

line 23, *thed* for *then*.

line 29, *gamercy* for *gramercy*.

line 33, *fayth* for *ſayth*.

Ibid., *fomuer* for *fomner*.

E.i., recto, line 16, *hys* for *thys*.

line 33, *backekyters* for *backebyters*.

E.i., verso, line 1, *vfures* for *vfurers*.]

